

ALL NEW COMICS
DELA
ALL NEW COMICS

10¢

APRIL

The **LONE RANGER**

52 pages
ALL COMICS!



THIS IS A
KING
FEATURE

**CANDIDATES FOR CHIEF AMONG THE OSAGES
HAD TO UNDERGO *THREE ORDEALS***



- ① **MUSCULAR ENDURANCE**
THE FLESH WAS PIERCED UNDER
ARM MUSCLES—TIED THROUGH
THESE HOLES TO A SAPLING.
THE CANDIDATE HAD TO FORCE
HIS BACK TO THE GROUND AND
SHOW NO SIGNS OF PAIN.

- ② **ORDEAL BY FIRE**
A LONG PIT, ABOUT THREE FEET
WIDE AND TWO FEET DEEP WAS
HEATED BY BURNING HICKORY
CHIPS FOR THREE DAYS. THE
CANDIDATE WAS FORCED TO RUN
BAREFOOT THROUGH THE PIT.



- ③ **THE EAGLE ORDEAL**
A CAPTURED EAGLE, AFTER A
LONG PERIOD OF FASTING, WAS
RELEASED. A YOUNG ANIMAL,
PREVIOUSLY TRAINED TO ACT
AS BAIT, HAD ALREADY BEEN
TIED TO A STAKE.
THE CANDIDATE HAD TO SEIZE
THE EAGLE AND PULL OUT ITS
TAIL FEATHERS, BEFORE IT
HAD A CHANCE TO HARM THE
ANIMAL.



The Lone Ranger

AND THE STAR SAPPHIRE

TONTO, THAT'S THE HOUSE
WE PROBE MENTIONED.

THAT WERE OLD COLONEL LIVE.

WHAT MATTER
WITH COLONEL
YARDLEY?

I DON'T KNOW, THE
PROBE SIMPLY SAID
THE COLONEL NEEDED
HELP OR HE'D LOSE
A BEAUTIFUL STAR
SAPPHIRE.

THAT GUNFIRE!

THIEVES!
ROBBERS!

WHAT MATTER WITH
COLONEL YARDLEY?

I DON'T KNOW,
TONTO.

STAY WITH THE HORSES. I'M
GOING TO SEE WHAT THIS IS
ALL ABOUT!

THAT SHOOTING?
WHAT DOES IT
MEAN?

MARTHA! MARTHA,
DEAR, YOU SHOULDN'T
BE OUT OF BED!









I NEED EVERY AVAILABLE MAN TO FORM A POSSE! OLD COLONEL YARDLEY HAS BEEN ROBBED BY A MASKED MAN!



HE'S LOST HIS STAR SAPPHIRE!



THERE GOES THE POSSE, SPADE!









NO? WEL, TAKE A LOOK!



COLONEL YARDLEY--



LISTEN TO ME! I JUST WANT TO TALK TO YOU. I WANT TO BE A FRIEND!



NO- NO! LET ME GO, OR THE SHERIFFS MEN WILL GET YOU!

YOU GIVE ME NO CHOICE.



HELP! HELP!

STOP!

COME ON, SILVER!



YARDLEY, I WANT TO KNOW WHY YOU LIED ABOUT THE LOSS OF THE SAPPHIRE! WHY YOU SAID IT WAS STOLEN! WHY YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE IT TO FARD AND BRAD!



YOU CAN TRUST ME, YARDLEY. THE PADRE ASKED ME TO HELP YOU. THAT'S WHY I CAME HERE.

YOU- THE PADRE- NO ONE CAN HELP ME! IT'S NO USE!



GIVE ME A HAND, TONTO. I'VE BROUGHT COLONEL YARDLEY TO CAMP WITH ME!



YARDLEY, I'M LOOKING FOR THAT RING!

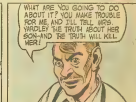
I-- I GIVE UP THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO!

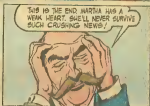












WHY DOES SPADE WANT TO HURT ME? WHY IS HE GOING TO MY WIFE WITH PROOF THAT OUR SON WAS SHOT FOR BEING A TRAITOR? THERE'S NOTHING SPADE CAN GAIN BY THAT



... HE'S MIGHTY SORE AT THE WAY YOU AND THAT MASKED MAN HAVE BEEN MAKIN' TROUBLE FOR HIM.





YOUR SON LIES IN A HERO'S GRAVE.
I'M PROUD TO GIVE YOU HIS
CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL!

HE--MY
BOY A--
A HERO!

MARTHA, MARTHA, WAIT TILL YOU HEAR
THE NEWS!

THESE ARE THE FRIENDS OF OUR SON!
THEY SAY HE WAS A HERO IN THE
ARMY!

I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOUR WIFE
ABOUT THAT.

AND YOU! YOU TWO CROOKS MADE ME
THINK HE'D BEEN SHOT AS A TRAITOR!
YOU MADE ME PAY TO KEEP YOU FROM
SPREADING THAT LIE ABOUT MY BOY!

HERE, COLONEL MADLEY. THIS BOX
HOLDS THE JEWELRY YOU GAVE TO
SPENCE AND FARO.

TAKE THOSE CROOKS TO THE SHERIFF.
THEY'LL GET ALL THIS COMING TO
THEM!

YOUR JEWELS, MARTHA. ALL OF
THEM! INCLUDING THE STAR
SAPPHIRE.

BUT MOST OF ALL, I TREASURE THE
MEDAL THAT MEANS OUR BOY WAS ALL
THAT WE HOPED HE'D BE!

COLONEL BLAIR,
WE CAN NEVER
THANK YOU
ENOUGH--

IT WAS THAT MAN
WHO TOLD ME WHERE
I MIGHT FIND YOU.
HE BROUGHT ME
HERE!

WELL, SHERIFF
JAY--

The Lone Ranger

AND THE WHEAT FIRE IN GREEN VALLEY



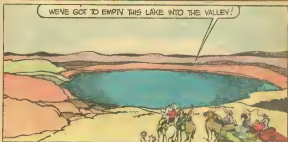
















NEWTON, I OWE A LOT TO YOU IF YOU AND THE OTHERS HADN'T SPILLED THAT LAKE INTO THE VALLEY, MY WHOLE WHEAT CROP WOULD HAVE BURN'T UP!

IT WAS THAT MASKED MAN'S IDEA.



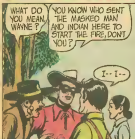
WAYNE, YOU TOLD ME YOUR WHEAT FIRE WAS STARTED BY A MASKED MAN AND AN INDIAN.

I- I SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID THAT MUCH!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, WAYNE?

YOU KNOW WHO SENT THE MASKED MAN AND INDIAN HERE TO START THE FIRE, DON'T YOU?



I-- I--

PLEASE DON'T ASK ANY MORE QUESTIONS. IT'S WORTH WAYNE'S LIFE TO TALK!



HE KNOWS WHO SET FIRE TO THE WHEAT!

WHOEVER DID IT HAS GOT TO PAY!

WHY DON'T WAYNE TALK?



SPEAK UP, WAYNE!

ALL I KNOW IS THAT A MASKED MAN
AND AN INDIAN TIED ME AN
SARAH AN' SET FIRE TO MY WHEAT,
BUT IT WASN'T THIS MASKED MAN!



YOU'RE AFRAID TO TELL
WHOM YOU SUSPECT OF
SENDING THE MASKED
MAN?



YES, I
AM!



WE'LL GET THE ANSWER FROM
THOSE PRISONERS ON THE
HILLSIDE!



I NEVER SAW A MAN AS SCARED
AS WAYNE!

HE HAS A BITTER ENEMY,
DAN.



HE KNOWS HE'LL BE
KILLED IF HE NAMES
THE MAN!

MAYBE FELLER
WE CAPTURE
GIVE-UM
NAME.



THEY'LL GIVE US THE INFORMATION
WE WANT, BUT NOT AS YOU EXPECT

LOOK AHEAD!
NEAR ROCK!





THOSE ARE THE
MEN WHO HELPED PUT
OUT GILPIN'S FIRE.

BUT WHY ARE
THEY COMING
HERE AND
RIDING SO
HARD?

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, MASKED
MAN! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

DON'T YOU
TRY TO
GET AWAY!

GET TO YOUR HORSES
AND SPREAD OUT! I'LL
MEET YOU LATER IN
CAMP!

GET THAT
MASKED
MAN!

COME ON, SILVER!

GOLLY, TONTO, WHY ARE ALL THOSE TOWNS-
MEN CHASING THE LONE
RANGERS?

ME NOT
KNOW!

WHAT WILL WE
DO?

DO AS LONE
RANGER SAY
WE GO TO CAMP
AND WAIT





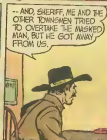




YOU TWO ARE COVERED!



PUT ROPES ON THESE TWO AND TAKE THEM TO CAMP!



-- AND, SHERIFF, ME AND THE OTHER TOWNSMEN TRIED TO OVERTAKE THE MASKED MAN, BUT HE GOT AWAY FROM US.

YOU SAY HE'S TO BLAME FOR SETTIN' FIRE TO GILPIN'S WHEAT--



CAN YOU PROVE IT?

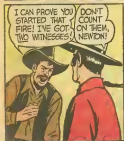
LEAVE THAT TO ME. I'LL PROVE IT WITH WITNESSES!



WHAT WITNESSES?

SHERIFF, THERE HE IS!

MASKED!







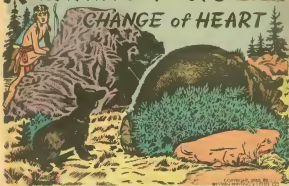






RUNNING FOX'S

CHANGE of HEART



The rock rose up out of the underbrush like the rump of a giant beast, furred with moss and lichens. To Running Fox, it suggested a perfect look-out point to watch for game—or enemies! Silent as a lynx, he climbed. The soft soles of his deerhide moccasins gripped the rough granite.

At the top, he threw himself flat on his stomach. By raising his head a little, he could see through the tops of the young oak saplings which grew at the rock's base. For a hundred yards around, anything that moved would come under his gaze—a rabbit, a deer, or perhaps one of the white-skinned settlers with whom the Wyandotte tribe was at war!

Suddenly the boy stiffened to breathless attention. A big she-bear ambled into sight, with a fuzzy, awkward cub at her heels.

Instinctively, Running Fox noticed that the wind was blowing from the

bears toward him. That was better. These were no game for a lone Indian's bow! A mother bear, scenting an enemy so near to her cub, could become a deadly, four-footed fury before you could turn to run. And unless you could reach a very climbable tree in time, that would be the end of you! No arrow—no dozen arrows—could stop the charge of a raging, black bear.

As he glanced about for the nearest climbable tree, Running Fox's eye caught another movement. A human figure glided from behind a big tree trunk, not a hundred yards away. A **WHITE HUNTER**, in a fringed deer-skin shirt, coonskin cap, and long rifle—an enemy!

Running Fox could hear his own heart pounding. His breath—which he hadn't noticed before—seemed to whistle through his nostrils, so loudly that even the white man must hear! But, no—the coonskin cap was moving

toward the bears, rather than toward the rock.

What a chance to shoot an enemy of his tribe! Running Fox's grip tightened on his hunting bow. Then common sense spoke a warning. Unless his first arrow should kill instantly, the white man's bullet would answer it—and a white man's aim never missed at that range. There was the mother bear to be reckoned with, too. Which one of them would she attack?

A daring impulse seized the Wyandotte boy. He would make sure that the enemy hunter didn't pass unchallenged! Drawing a BLUNT arrow from his quiver, he laid it on the bowstring and drew. . . TWANG!

The soft hum of the bowstring was drowned out by the squeal of a shocked and frightened cub. The blunt arrow had bounced from the little fellow's ribs.

With a grunt of alarm, the mother bear turned to him. Sniffing the human scent on the blunt arrow, she snarled and rose on her hind feet to look around. Over the tops of the bushes she saw the white hunter—and at the same instant he saw her.

BANG! AURR-OUGH!

The rifle's report and the beast's roar of fury blended. Like a swift, deadly shadow the black bulk streaked toward the hunter. With empty rifle, he stood his ground, merely whipping out his long hunting knife. Watching

them, Running Fox forgot caution and rose to his knees.

At the last instant, the white man raised his rifle head-high. The bear rose to strike at it. At the same split second, the hunter's knife drove into her ribs. Still holding his rifle, he leaped free of the deadly paws, his sleeve in ribbons. The dying brute gathered her strength for a last rush. As she moved, the rifle's butt came chopping down, swift as an axe. . . . The fight was over.

Watching it, Running Fox had forgotten to shoot again. He might have caught his enemy with an empty gun—now it was too late! Other white men were running through the trees, drawn by their leader's shot.

"Simon! Simon Kanton!" they shouted. "What have you got—a Wyandotte or a Shownee?"

Running Fox did not wait to hear any more. Careful that no snapping twig or quivering bush should betray his flight, he slipped away among the oaks and underbrush. Once safely out of earshot, he broke into long, bounding strides that would have done credit to the fox, his namesake. He had news for his tribe—news of terrible importance!

The ambush was well planned. Two hundred Wyandotte braves, a few armed with captured rifles, lay in wait at the edge of a wide field, hidden among the trees. In the open, half a





dozen Indians were running, a hundred yards ahead of fifty frontier riflemen. The half-dozen red men plunged into the woods, and turned—

"Wait!" hissed Chief Wolf Jaw.

"Wait till they come near—"

BANG!—A Wyandotte's nervous trigger finger had jerked. The trap was sprung! A hasty flight of arrows and bullets sped toward the startled white men. Only two or three struck a target.

"Come on, boys!" Simon Kenton roared, as two hundred red throats yelped defiance from the underbrush. "We'll cut 'em to pieces! FOLLOW ME!"

Wyandotte arrows were flying now with better aim. The scouts behind Kenton hesitated. Some emptied their rifles at half-glimpsed Indians. The red men saw their uncertainty—and charged.

Like a red tide, they swept over brave Simon Kenton. The other scouts suddenly lost courage and ran. For a few seconds, Kenton's size and fury kept him on his feet. Then he went down under a yelling mob.

As one of the Wyandotte ambushers, Running Fox had seen it all. He had even tried to reach and help overpower the big White Warrior, but older braves had shouldered him aside. Now, back at Chillicothe, the Wyandotte and Shawnee headquarters, he was going to strike a blow for himself.

At a signal, Simon Kenton started his run down the double line of warriors armed with sticks. His body was stripped to the waist. His hands were bound in front of him. Suddenly raising them above his head, to protect it from blows that could daze or stun

him, he bounded zigzag through the gantlet.

Lighter built braves jumped back from the hurtling giant—and their clubs missed, or struck glancingly. As the big white man lunged toward the opposite line, Running Fox leaped after him. His stick struck an iron-hard shoulder—and broke!

Kenton turned, like a cat. He was actually grinning.

"Good stroke, boy!" he shouted as he plunged on to the end of the line.

And there, to the amazement of all, he turned and started back through the crowd of club wielders, LAUGHING AS IF IT WERE A GAME! A brave enemy, this Simon Kenton!

The Wyandottes drew back, admiringly. No more blows fell. Chief Wolf Jaw and some older men went into a huddle. Muttering, jabbering, yelling with excitement, the red mob discussed new tortures to test the courage of their captive before he should die.

Only Running Fox was silent, thoughtful. Simon Kenton had won something more than the boy's admiration. He wanted the white man to LIVE. Perhaps such a wish was treason, but he couldn't help it. His heart had changed.

"O Gitchie Manitou, Great Spirit!" he breathed a prayer, "Help Simon Kenton—"

A stirring of the crowd caught Running Fox's attention. Chief Wolf Jaw was motioning for silence.

"It is decided," he announced solemnly. "The White Warrior, Simon Kenton, shall not be killed!"

CONTINUED

YOUNG HAWK

SCARING THEIR SHOLY ENEMIES, THE THREE INDIAN YOUNGSTERS FIND LIFE PERILOUS - ON A DAY LONG BEFORE THE WHITE MANE EXPLODED AMERICA



WE'LL SINK, YOUNG HAWK -- AND I CAN'T SWIM!

WE'RE GOING TO MAKE SHORE ALL RIGHT, WHITE FAWN.



COME ON, WHITE FAWN - YOU'RE SAFE NOW.



THE SMOKED MEAT - IT'S ALL BOASTED!

WE'LL HAVE TO EAT IT NOW -- BEFORE IT SPOILS!

AWH! AND I WANTED FRESH FISH FOR DINNER!



WE'D HAVE BEEN MILES DOWN RIVER IF THE RAPIDS HADN'T MADE THE CANOE LEAK.

NEVER MIND, LITTLE BUCK -- WE'LL FIND SOME PINE PITCH AND PATCH THE BROKEN SEAMS.



WE'LL HAVE A LONG WAY TO GO TO FIND PINE PITCH HERE.

PINES GROW ON THE MESA, LITTLE BUCK.



OOOH! WHAT MADE THE CLIFFS LIKE THIS?

GITCHIE MANITOU-- THE GREAT SPIRIT.



THE GITCHIE MANITOU HEARD YOU.

YES, HE IS SHAKING THE ROCKS.

IN THE GRIP OF AN EARTHQUAKE, THE SEVERED ROCKS SHY AND CRUMBLE.



IT'S OVER! GITCHIE MANITOU DID NOT WISH TO KILL US.

OOOH! MY STOMACH IS STILL SHAKING.



WE WILL GO BACK TO THE RIVER--AND Mend OUR CANOE WITHOUT FITCH.



LOOK! THE RIVER IS UPON THE BANK --

AND OUR CANOE -- IT'S FLOATING AWAY!





YOUNG HAWK! ON
THAT OTHER MOUNTAIN
A VILLAGE!!



STRANGE PEOPLE ARE
ALWAYS ENEMIES--
DO YOU THINK
ANYONE IN
THAT VILLAGE
HAS SEEN US?

I DON'T
KNOW --
THERE'S
SOMETHING
QUEER
ABOUT IT!



YOU TWO STAY THERE AND WATCH --
I'M GOING TO HAVE A NEARER LOOK.



THERE
ISN'T ANY SMOKE
RISING FROM THOSE
STONE HOUSES -- OR
ANY SIGN OF LIFE
AND YET THE FIELDS
HAVE BEEN WORKED
LATELY!



HERE'S THE TRAIL UP--AND IT'S
BEEN USED ONLY A DAY OR
TWO AGO.



I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M TAKING
SUCH A RISK--I'LL PROBABLY
BE CAUGHT AND KILLED WHEN
I GET TO THE TOP, BUT --



---THERE'S SOMETHING
QUEER UP THERE!



NOT A SIGN OF LIFE! MAYBE
THEY'VE ALL BEEN KILLED!



SOME OF THE HOUSES
ARE BURNED! PERHAPS
WHEN THE GITCHE
MANITOU SHOOK THE
EARTH THIS MORNING!



THERE'S NOBODY
HERE -- BUT I SMELL
A DEAD FIRE --



-- AND FRESH
COOKED MEAT!
THEY HAVEN'T
BEEN GONE
VERY LONG!



THE SUN IS GOING DOWN!
WE COULD BEHOLD THE
NIGHT HERE SAFELY --
UNLESS THE PEOPLE COME
BACK --



LITTLE BUCK AND WHITE
FAWN SEE ME -- THEY'RE
COMING NOW.



OH, YOUNG
HAWK, I'M
AFRAID --
IT'S ALL RIGHT,
WHITE FAWN -- THE
GITCHE MANITOU
SCARED THE PEOPLE
OF THE VILLAGE AWAY
AND LEFT THEIR HOUSES
EMPTY FOR US.



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YOUNG HAWK...

